

(Student name omitted)

Ritz Crackers Review

When you see the flaming red box with crackers falling from the top landing in a perfect stack, you have high hopes for what's inside. You read the tab that states "open for fun", and you're automatically compelled to rip open the box. There lies the mystery you've been waiting for. A tan, lengthy, cylindrical masterpiece longs to be opened. So your fingers gently grasp the fragile plastic wrapping, and slowly pull it apart. You are then greeted by the first small, but perfectly circular, Ritz cracker. You take your time to examine it. It's all the things you've been waiting for. It's not until the first moment the cracker touches your impatient taste-buds that you realize how good life is. You've fallen into nirvana. The way the flawlessly proportioned salt crystals graze across your tongue leaves you wanting more. You finally take a bite, and a burst of melodious, golden flakes overtakes your entire mouth, and without realizing it, you're addicted. After only a short time, your profusion of crackers has diminished. Without taking notice, you continue to consume the crackers one at a time, until you have devoured every last one. You gaze at the empty wrapping thinking, "WHY?", until you look to the original red colored box. There lie two more plastic packages, identical to the one you've just finished off. You grab the second pack, and happiness awaits.